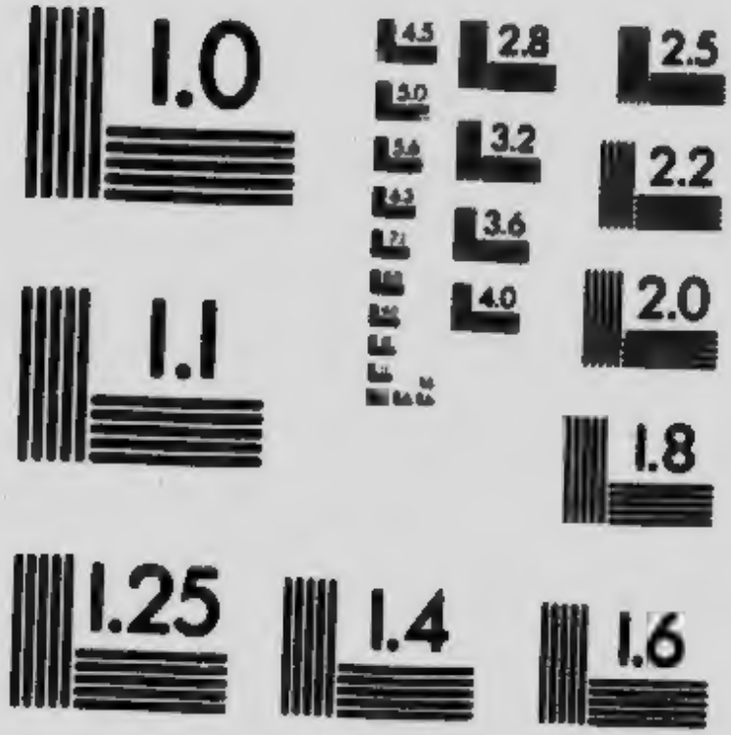
MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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Victoria R.I.

The congregation are requested to remain until the end of the Service, and to stand during the playing of the Dead March.

Cathedral of the Holy Trinity,

Quebec.

Solemn Memorial Service

ON

Saturday, 2nd February,

(Feast Purification of S. Mary The Virgin),

Being the day of the Burial of Her Most Gracious Majesty

Queen Victoria,

Who entered into rest on Tuesday, 22nd January,

1901.

ORDE ROF SERVICE.

* *First shall be recited the Order for the Burial of the Dead, opening with the singing of the sentences.*

" I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

S. John xi. 25-26.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold. and not another.

Job xix. 25-26-27.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord.

I Tim. vi. 7. Job i. 21.

* *Then shall be sung "Domine refugium." Psalm* cx.

" Lord thou hast been our refuge: from one generation to another.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made: thou art God from everlasting, and world without end.

Thou turnest man to destruction: again thou sayest, come again, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday: seeing that is past as a watch in the night.

As soon as thou scatterest them, they are even as a sleep; and fade away suddenly like the grass.

In the morning it is green, and groweth up: but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered.

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For we consume away in thy displeasure: and are afraid at thy wrathful indignation.

Thou hast set our misdeeds before Thee: and our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For when thou art angry all our days are gone: we bring our years to an end, as a tale that is told.

The days of our age are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong, that they come to fourscore years: yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone.

But who regardeth the power of thy wrath: for even thereafter as a man feareth so is thy displeasure.

O teach us to number our days: that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

O satisfy us with thy mercy, and that soon: so shall we rejoice and be glad all the days of our life.

Comfort us again now after the time that thou hast plagued us: and for the years wherein we have suffered adversity.

Shew thy servants thy work: and their children thy glory.

And the glorious Majesty of the Lord our God be upon us; prosper thou the work of our hands upon us. O prosper thou our handy-work.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

* *Then shall follow the lesson, taken from 1 Cor. xv 20.*

* *Then, all standing, the Priest and choir shall say or sing.*

"Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay.

In the midst of life we are in death: of whom may we seek for succour, but of Thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased?

Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death.

Thou knowest Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not thy merciful ears to our prayer; but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, thou most worthy judge eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee.

* *Then shall be sung all standing.*

"I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours.

* *Then shall the Priest say,*

Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ have mercy upon us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.

Our Father, which art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth. As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses. As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. Amen.

Priest

Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity; we give the hearty thanks, for that it hath pleased Thee to deliver Thy chosen Servant Victoria our late Queen and Governor out of the miseries of this sinful world; beseeching Thee, that it may please Thee, shortly to accomplish the number of thine elect, and to hasten thy Kingdom; that we, with all those that are departed in the true faith of thy holy Name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in thy eternal and everlasting glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

* *Then shall follow two special prayers.*

Almighty God, who rulest over all the Kingdoms of the World, and disposest of them according to thy good pleasure: We yield thee unfeigned thanks, for that thou wast pleased to place thy Servant, our late Sovereign Lady, Victoria, upon her Throne, to be our Queen. And especially are we bound to praise thee, that, in answer to our prayers, thy wisdom hath ever been her guide and thine arm her strength; that justice, truth and holiness, that peace and love and all those virtues, which adorn the Christian profession, have flourished in her days; that thou hast directed all her counsels and endeavours to thy honour and glory, and to the welfare of her people; and hast given us grace to obey her cheerfully and willingly for conscience sake. And, above all, we thank thee that thou hast granted her always to possess the hearts of her people, so that they have never been wanting in reverence to her Person, and in dutiful submission to her Authority. Finally, we pray thee, that, as her Reign has been long and prosperous, so thou wilt crown her with all honour and glory in Thine Everlasting Kingdom; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O LORD our God, who upholdest and governest all things in Heaven and Earth: receive our humble prayers, with our hearty thanksgivings for our Sovereign Lord King EDWARD, for the Queen Consort and all the Royal Family; humbly beseeching thee, that they all, ever trusting in thy goodness, protected by thy power, and crowned with thy gracious and endless favour, may continue before thee in health, peace, joy, and honour, and may live long and happy lives upon earth, and after death obtain everlasting life and glory in the kingdom of heaven, by the Merits and Mediation of Christ Jesus our Saviour, who with the Father and the Holy Spirit, liveth and reigneth ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

¶ *Then shall be sung the Hymn 398.*

"He cometh to judge the earth."

Day of Wrath! O day of mourning!
See fulfill'd the prophets' warning!
Heav'n and earth in ashes burning!

Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth
When from Heav'n the Judge descendeth,
On Whose sentence all dependeth!

Wondrous sound and trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the Throne it bringeth.

Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

Lo! the Book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading,
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

Think, good JESU, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation.

Faint and weary Thou has sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O GOD, Thy suppliant groaning.

Thou the sinful woman savedst;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

Worthless are my prayers and sighing;
Yet, good LORD, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.

With Thy favour'd sheep O place me,
Nor among the goats abase me,
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

While the wicked are confounded,
Doom'd to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me with Thy Saints surrounded

Low I kneel, with heart-submission,
See, like ashes, my contrition;
Help me in my last condition.

Ah! that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning
Man for judgment must prepare him;
Spare, O GOD, in mercy spare him!

LORD, all pitying JESU Blest,
Grant them Thine eternal rest. *Amen.*

Then shall the Bishop begin the Holy Communion and after his Sermon shall return to the Lord's Table and begin the Offertory, and then shall be sung Hymn 428.

"That they may rest from their labours."

The Saints of God! their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword,
They cast them down before their LORD:
O happy Saints! forever blest,
At JESUS' feet how safe your rest!

The Saints of GOD! their wanderings done
No more their weary course they run.
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:
O happy Saints! forever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

The Saints of GOD! life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
O happy Saints! forever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest!

The Saints of GOD their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies:
O happy Saints! rejoice and sing;
He quickly comes, your LORD and King.

O GOD of Saints, to Thee we cry:
O SAVIOUR, plead for us on high:
O HOLY GHOST, our Guide and Friend
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end:
That with all Saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee. Amen.

* *After the Prayer of Consecration shall be sung Hymn 401, all kneeling.*

"The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them."

Now the labourer's task is o'er:
  Now the battle day is past:
Now upon the farther shore
  Lands the voyager at last.
FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried:
  There its hidden things are clear:
There the work of life is tried
  By a juster Judge than here.
FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the sinful souls, that turn
  To the Cross their dying eyes,
All the love of CHRIST shall learn
  At His Feet in Paradise.
FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There no more the powers of hell
  Can prevail to mar their peace:
CHRIST the LORD shall guard them well,
  He Who died for their release.
FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
  Calmly now the words we say,
Leaving *her* to sleep in trust,
  Till the Resurrection day.
FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping. Amen.

(After the Blessing shall be sung Hymn 49).

"When I awake up after Thy likeness, I shall be satisfied with it."

On the Resurrection morning
  Soul and body meet again ;
No more sorrow, no more weeping, no more pain !

Here awhile they must be parted,
  And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness, wrapt in sleep.

For a while the tired body
  Lies with feet toward the morn ;
Till the last and brightest Easter day be born.

But the soul in contemplation
  Utters earnest prayer and strong,
Bursting at the Resurrection into song.

Soul and body reunited
  Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in CHRIST's own likeness, satisfied.

Oh ! the beauty, Oh ! the gladness
  Of that Resurrection day,
Which shall not through endless ages pass away !

On that happy Easter morning
  All the graves their dead restore ;
Father, sister, child and mother, meet once more.

To that brightest of all meetings
  Bring us, JESU CHRIST, at last :
By Thy Cross, through death and judgment, holding fast. Amen.

LAUS DEO.

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VICTORIA.

God leave us rulers of her blood
  As noble till the latest day!
  May children of our children say,
She wrought her people lasting good.

Her court was pure, her life serene,
  God gave her peace, her land reposed.
  A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as mother, wife and Queen.

And statesmen at her Council met
  Who knew the seasons when to take
  Occasion by the hand and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet.

By shaping some august decree,
  Which kept her Throne unshaken still,
  Broad-based upon her peoples will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea.

TENNYSON.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost
The God whom Heaven and earth adore
From men and from the Angel Host
Be peace, glory ever more. *Amen.*